AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

When the American Bible Society holds its annual meeting this spring it will be ready to show to an interested world a record of work unsurpassed by any other benevolent organization in the world, for back of it lies ninety-two years of earnest and successful effort to spread the knowledge of the Bible into every land. Presses set up in the Bible House, New York, and in foreign countries under the direction of the society print the Bible in 120 or more different tongues and dialects, and modern crusaders, braving dangers of war, of wind, and of wave, go out like the knights of old taking these books to those who have them not. There is not a country on the globe that the Society has not invaded in its great work; there is not a people whose language they have not studied; there is not a missionary who may not turn to it for aid as he goes out bearing the gospel to darkened lands.

In the ninety-two years in which the Society has been pressing its work it has issued, according to the last report, 86,420,382 copies of the Bible. Of these 1,910,953 went out in the last fiscal year, a proof, if any be needed, of the great growth of the work, for in that one year alone the distribution of Bibles doubled that of the entire first decade. "The whole object," so states the Society's constitution, "shall be to encourage a wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment." That this work costs money is shown by the financial reports that are compiled each March. During its entire existence the Society has spent $32,404,343.26. Of this money over $5,000,000 represents the bequests of three thousand or more people who have been interested in the movement. The rest of the income is made up from memberships in the Society, from gifts from churches and auxiliary branches, from the sale of donated Bibles, from interest on trust funds placed at the Society's disposal, and from the sale of the Bibles.

These are 6-cent testaments, 17, 23, 35 cent Bibles, and on up, the price being the exact cost of the book, for it is not the intention of the Society to pauperize persons by giving them what they are able to buy, nor to cheapen the Scriptures by making a wholesale donation of them. What a contrast to prices in medievial times. Then a Bible would sell in England for £30—a common laborer's wages for fifteen years, and at the time of the Society's inception the cheapest in America was $2. When you cannot buy, then comes some kind-faced missionary who gives you a copy of God's Book, an who will stop long enough by the way to help you read and understand its meaning and to gather from it the comfort that comes to the world-weary and discouraged. The Bibles of the Society were early placed in schools and put in the reach of sailors, of soldiers, and immigrants. In 1863 no less than 13,000 copies were distributed among the immigrants as they landed in this country, copies that were printed in their own tongue when possible, and the next year the Society surpassed even this philanthropy by sending over 9,000 copies to be read on the steamer by the immigrants as they came over.

Within its ninety-two years the Society has furnished about two and a half million copies to immigrants.

By 1867 every humane and criminal institution in this country had been supplied with Bibles, while hotels and boats were invited to buy them at half price and lend them to their guests and passengers. And this was when the Society was yet only half a century old, when its work was not so widely known, when facilites for shipping the books or for sending out agents were limited, and when the country was really more interested in realizing its new-found industrial independence. Homes of pioneers had been visited in that half century and the testament left in the log cabins that dotted the West far out beyond the Mississippi until white settlements overlapped the lands of the Indians. Then when the Indians were reached the Book was left for them, turned into their own tongue after days and nights of labor by self-sacrificing missionaries.

It was on the eighth of May, 1816, that the American Bible Society was born. There had been other Bible societies in America before this, one in Philadelphia in 1808; one each in Hartford, Conn., Massachusetts, New York City, and New Jersey in 1809. By June, 1816, there were 128 Bible societies in twenty-one different States and Territories, and the work of disseminating the Bible was well on its way. Then came Rev. Samuel J. Mills with the theory that much better and more effective work could be done if there were some great central organization. The matter was talked over in different places, and finally in 1815 the thought crystallized into the formal motion put in a meeting of the New Jersey organization, whose head was the Hon. Elias Boudinot. A convention was called for the next year, and on the second Wednesday in May, 1816, the American Bible Society was organized in the Reformed Dutch Church on Garden street, New York. To this convention there came delegates from thirty-five local Bible societies and four representatives from the Society of Friends—sixty in all. Rev. Lyman Beecher was one of the first secretaries and since then the officers and members have numbered in their ranks leading men of the religious, political, professional, and scientific bodies of the nation. William Augustus Muhlenberg addressed the assembly in 1829, and two years later we find the name of John Quincy Adams among the vice presidents. The present officers include as president, Daniel Coit Gilman, of Maryland; Rev. Henry O. Dwight, of New York, as recording secretary, and vice presidents drawn from prominent men of twenty States of the Union.

The original membership of sixty has grown in the ninety-two years to approximately 40,000, and the equipment of thirty presses and 178 hands that did the work of publication in 1828 has grown and grown until several different quarters have proved too small, and, for its 1,000,000 a year output of books, it employs not only its giant New York presses, but mission and other presses in China, Japan, Siam, Syria, and Turkey. The office expenses, such as salaries and printing, amount each year to over $35,000. For awhile agents handled the distribution of books throughout this country as well as in foreign lands, but a few years ago it was deemed advisable to establish four permanent agencies in the United States to facilitate the work of the traveling men. Field agents go from church to church, from one religious convention to another, interesting the people in their work, and opening new ways for distributing Bibles. They cover, too, the sparsely settled regions where there are no churches and few missionaries. Co-operating with the American Bible Society are 479 auxiliary Bible societies, nearly three-fourths of which are scattered through the Middle and Eastern States.

It has not been an easy proposition to translate the Bible into many other tongues, print these when the plates were made, and send them out to the people for whom they were intended. Each translation has been won at a cost of pains and time, and often of health, and has often been a greater task, all things considered, than that accomplished by King James' forty-seven learned men in their tedious work of seven years. There is the story of the Arabic Bible which for two generations or more earnest missionaries have been trying to print so that it would be acceptable to that people who consider their own Mohammedan tongue divine. In 1834 American missions sent a printing press into Beirut and printed some Bibles for the people. The people refused the books because the characters were really ludicrous when compared with their own.

Then a missionary of determination set about the task of making such print as would please the most fastidious Mohammedan on earth. He did it. He collected the choicest Arabian manuscripts, and with a reed pen painstakingly copied letters of the alphabet to serve as models for his type, and as the letters of Arabic words are generally joined together in printing as in writing he had to make about 1,800 different types to complete one alphabet. But he did it. After several years of hard work he took passage back home in 1836 to have his matrices made, when lo, there came a shipwreck and the models were lost in the sands of the Mediterranean where so many treasures lie. He went back and made more models, took them to Germany over a route that had no steamboats or railway trains, and soon there were cast at Leipzig some of the prettiest type in the world. The work had taken sixteen years. The American Bible Society has since spent over $100,000 on the Arabic scriptures in the three-quarters century of interest, and last year sent out 869 Bibles or parts of Bibles in that tongue.

There were the blind to be considered. In 1843 the Society began to print the Bible for them in Boston line-letter. In 1894 it published the whole Bible in New York point, and about 30,000 volumes have now been issued, most of these being gratuitously distributed. The first plates for the blind people's Bible cost $13,000. The complete Bible weighs 100 pounds and is in eleven large volumes. Even the blind of Armenia have been reached, Bibles in raised letters are given them and missionaries teach them to read. In all 1,326 volumes for the blind were printed in the last fiscal year.

With the Society sending out nearly 850,000 copies of the Bible a year in the United States, it is interesting to recall that there was one time when there was a great scarcity of copies of the Good Book in America, and Dr. Patrick Allison even brought the matter up in Congress early in the nation's history, asking that the government print some Bibles for the people. In 1777 a committee had been appointed by Congress to secure the publication of Bibles, but the proper type could not be had. The American Bible Society came as an answer to Dr. Allison's prayer, and from the one Bible sent to Russia last year, to the 25,000 sent to Mexico, it has more than fulfilled the reverend petitioner's wishes that all should have Bibles of their own.

To-morrow—A Decade of Achievements.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Women may be extravagant in some ways, but the majority of them are misers at heart, and squeeze out pennies in unexpected places for which they will never find a use. It is a mercy that the modern home is so poor in closet room, for the hoarding is limited by the room capacity and nothing else, and the only real clearing out comes with a fire or removal.

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There are many things worth saving; like lace, furs, pieces left from garments, and hat trimmings, which are worth using again. These require but little room, in boxes, bureau drawers, or trunks. There are innumerable articles which should be given away if they will do any good to anybody, or sold to the ragman or put into the kitchen stove. And time and labor would be saved to women and there would be less to attract moths and buffalo bugs.

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Possessions bring the penance of perpetual care. One cannot hoard treasures without looking them over from time to time, and taking precautions against their destruction by insects or dampness. Closets are great comforts, but they beguile us into saving useless things, and modern architects may be blessings in disguise when they ignore closets in house plans. One of the best known was heard publicly complaining that the feminine demand for closet room interferes with the artistic side of house building; and while we can afford to ignore complaint in that quarter, we cannot deny the wisdom of doing away with useless articles.

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The host of badly dressed women we see in public places is the direct result of hoarding old clothes and tinkering them after all hope of smartness has left them It is not even economy to make over all garments, because both labor and materials are high and only the few made-over dresses and jackets are brought up to even a semblance of newness. Of two women, the one who makes judicious additions of fresh clothing to her wardrobe from time to time is the better dressed and the most economically dressed. The other never looks anything but mussy, and she spends considerable money to achieve that undesirable end.

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A young matron asked when we are to know the time of discarding summer headgear, and her husband promptly replied: "On September 15." That is the official date for calling in men's straw hats, you know. That is about the right time, for summer hats are far from fresh then, and a smart new fall hat will work wonders with a much-worn wardrobe. Over and over again we are told by fashion authorities that frocks are secondary matters. Hat, gloves, neckwear, belts, and shoes are important, yet there are women who put nearly all their money into frocks and coats and nip on accessories, and they attain about the same results as do the beautifully gowned women at the opera who despise the aid of the hair dresser and are none too particular about the care they themselves give their heads. An indifferent frock with a perfect coiffure would be an achievement worth while, because the frock would be lightly passed over even by critical eyes. BETTY BRADEEN.

COLD AND CLOCKS.

"I've heard of faces that would stop a clock," said the man, "but I didn't know cold weather had the same effect. Yet, as I came to business this morning I saw four usually industrious clocks at a standstill. Two were in shops and two in the street. Come to think of it, I guess where the cold really got in its work was on the man who winds the clock, for I suppose even store clocks and street clocks have to be wound. But your first feeling was, 'By jove! It's even nipped the works of that clock!' And your own mental temperature dropped ten degrees lower by force of suggestion."

AN ATTRACTIVE SHIRT-WAIST GOWN.

After considering all of the models in gowns for general wear, the shirtwaist dress is the usual choice of the practical woman who likes smart effects. A gown of this popular style here sketched is very pleasing in design. The waist is one which might be made in any seasonable fabric, a soft silk in the same tone as the skirt being the approved mode of the moment. The vest may be made of contrasting material if desired. The waist is tucked to yoke depth in front and in the back to the waist line, the result being very graceful. The sleeves may be made in full or shorter length. The skirt is a nine-gored one, having an inverted plait at each seam. For a skirt to be made at home this is an excellent model, requiring but comparatively little work to complete. For the medium size the waist requires 4¼ yards of 24-inch material, and the skirt 12 yards of the same width.

Two patterns—2772, 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; 2771, 7 sizes, 22 to 34 inches waist.

The price of both these patterns is 20 cents, but either may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving the numbers (27712772) and size wanted.

HER TITIAN RIVAL

By MARTHA COBB SANFORD.

"Wanted—A talented and vivacious young woman, fond of children and of art, to accompany mother and son abroad. Must have red hair."

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Zephine Holliday. "What a funny advertisement; and if it doesn't hit me off to a T."

She read it over again, as if to convince herself that it was really not an optical illusion. Then she settled down to think it over.

A large half-packed trunk stood open before her, and about her, on table, chairs, and floor, were piled all her worldly accessories. For Zephine was to start the next day for a distant Western city, where she had accepted the position of teacher of everything from elementary arithmetic, which she despised, to the history of art, which she loved, but had no particular desire to try to make a lot of giggling young girls love with an equal ardor.

Still, there seemed nothing else to do, now that the college course was over and there were no surplus funds in the family exchequer.

"I'll answer that 'ad' in person," Zephine announced to the trunk, whose expansive yawn indicated expressively its amazement. "A kindergarten of one somehow sounds more attractive than a boarding school full of scatter-brained girls, especially when it has with it a trip to Europe thrown in."

When Zephine rang the Maxwell bell that afternoon at the address given in the advertisement she looked captivating enough to adorn any European party, no matter how fastidious its constituents. Her smart little autumn hat and her trig tailor costume all toned in harmoniously with the gold-bronze of her hair that blew about coquettishly in the stirring breeze.

After sending up her card, Zephine, with a half-conscious sigh of appreciation, sank down into the cushioned depths of a luxurious easy chair to await the presence of the mysterious mother. When the latter entered the drawing-room Zephine gazed upon her with frank admiration. She was stately and beautiful, and, above all, undeniably motherly.

"You came in answer to my advertisement in the morning paper?" she asked. Her sweet naturalness quite banished all Zephine's embarrassment.

"Yes, I—I thought I would like to know more about it," the girl answered, cautiously.

"You are fond of art, Miss Holliday—do you paint?"

"I am not an artist, if that is what you mean, but I am very fond of pictures and paint a little for my own amusement. Do you wish me to teach your son how to paint, Mrs. Maxwell? I'm afraid——"

"Oh, no, indeed; just to help him out a bit now and then with a suggestion. He likes to have his own way about doing things, only he needs some one who is in sympathy with his little fads and fancies. You like children, do you not, Miss Holliday? Of course, that is essential."

"I can't live without them," Zephine replied, with glowing enthusiasm. (And how could she? If it were not for children her chances of earning a livelihood would be small indeed.)

"If you are vivacious, I do not need to ask," commented Mrs. Maxwell, glancing at Zephine with genuine approval. "I like to have Ralph have lively companionship. He's so stirring himself. He leads me altogether too merry a chase."

"But why is red hair essential?" Zephine finally plucked up sufficient courage to inquire, at the same time blushing bewitchingly.

Mrs. Maxwell laughed softly.

"Oh, that's just to satisfy one of Ralph's whims. He's so cranky since he got over his long illness, poor boy, that we do all we can to please him, in every little way. And he simply dotes on red hair. Why, he always paints women with red hair, and last Christmas, when we were selecting a doll for a little girl friend of his, he insisted on her having red hair!"

Zephine joined in the laugh and almost forgot her misgivings over the prospect of her handling this "cranky" and evidently spoiled son of an overfond mother, who frankly acknowledged that she couldn't handle him herself.

When the arrangements were finally concluded, Zephine walked home in a daze. She brought herself back to reality long enough, however, to send a telegram to the distant boarding school, which she would never enlighten with her fund of knowledge after all.

"Well," she announced to the hospitable trunk, which still gaped in astonishment when she returned, "it's lucky my clothes are all in order. Think of it; we start for Europe, old trunk, day after to-morrow, you and I—and Ralph and Ralph's mother," she added in a subdued anti-climax. I wish I'd seen the kid. I know he's incorrigible."

The day for sailing was ideally fair. Mrs. Maxwell met Zephine at the steamer and accompanied her to her stateroom, establishing herself comfortably there with much motherly kindness.

"After the farewells are over you and Ralph must get acquainted," she said, hastening back to the deck.

Zephine herself had a few good-bys to wave. Indeed, she was a central figure of attraction as she stood at the rail of the steamer waving her handkerchief gayly—all unconscious of her picturesqueness as the sun crept under the brim of her hat and made a bright glory of her hair.

"By George, isn't she a stunner" Zephine could not help hear a young man near her exclaim.

She blushed with confusion, and was relieved to see her patroness approaching.

"Let me introduce my son, Ralph," Mrs. Maxwell said, proudly, laying her hand on the arm of the young man who had just complimented Zephine so spontaneously. "I expect you two to get on famously together."

Ralph extended his hand with willing cordiality, but Zephine stood transfixed with astonishment. At last she looked at Mrs. Maxwell appealingly.

"I thought he was a little boy," she gasped helplessly.

The explanations that followed were chaotic at best. Mrs. Maxwell supposed, of course, that Zephine knew of her son, Ralph Maxwell, the artist, the popular portrait painter of children and modern Madonnas. Why, had she not mentioned especially how he painted all women with red hair? That is why she had thought it would give him particular pleasure to have the third member of their party possess this distinctive mark of beauty.

And as for Ralph—why, he himself had been entirely ignorant of the whole plot until that very morning, when his mother had revealed it to him, telling him with boundless enthusiasm that she had asked Miss Holliday, a charming young woman, to accompany them on their trip, so that he would have some one to share his art enthusiasm with and to join him in his tireless jaunts in search of picturesque children to pose for him.

While this rapid fire of elucidation was going on Zephine looked from one to the other in her effort to comprehend the situation. Finally she burst out laughing—a trifle hysterical perhaps, but still it was the vivacious Zephine coming to her rescue.

Mrs. Maxwell sighed and smiled all at once.

"Oh, I'm so glad we all understand each other now. And I know we're going to be the best of friends."

With this optimistic assertion she turned to greet an old acquaintance.

"And so you thought I was a kid," laughed Ralph, looking at Zephine with undisguised admiration. "Well, I am pretty much of a one. You'll have to take me in hand just the same. I may not mind promptly sometimes, but that will be because I'm oblivious to everything save the glory of your hair."

"It's dyed. I did it to get the job," replied Zephine, icily, as she turned and left the young man staring blankly after her.

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On the last day out Zephine sat curled up comfortably in her steamer chair, pretending to read. Ralph sat not far off, sketching her, as she very well knew.

"When we get settled in the studio I shall make a portrait of you, Miss Holliday. That is, if you are willing."

"Then I shall be both a dyed and painted lady," she laughed, teasingly. "An irresistible combination."

Ralph made no reply, but gazed at her so steadily that at last Zephine was compelled to raise her eyes.

"I could love you in spite of either," was the unexpected declaration that he made in response to her questioning glance; "but, fortunately, I'm not put to the test. All the dyes in the world couldn't produce the matchless brightness and beauty of your hair, dear. Why did you try to deceive me, Zephine?"

"Were you deceived?"

"For a day or two, because you shocked me into it. You haven't told me why yet."

"Oh, because you annoyed me that very first day by making love to my hair. Everybody does. It's my rival, and I—I wanted you to make love to me."

"And didn't I do it, the very next day?" Zephine looked at him indulgently.

"Yes, and every day since. You're every bit the incorrigible boy I imagined you."

"Only this incorrigible boy is in love with his teacher," answered Ralph, stealing hold of her warm little hand beneath the steamer rug.

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IN THE FLORIST'S WINDOW.

The glass is white with frost.
But behind the frost is springtime.
There are snowy crocuses, hinting of April.
And tulips, creamy white and pink and springlike.
And dancing daffodils, making a great glow of gold behind the glass.
And sweet peas, like dainty winged butterflies in rainbow colors.
And mignonette, breathing the fragrant breath of June gardens.
It's like little peeps of summer bursting through the frost of winter.

AMUSEMENTS.

VALENTINES

A love letter.
A book of verses daintily bound.
Fancifully framed pictures in black and white, mezzotint or in water color, of cupids and picturesque lovers in old-time costumes.
A rustic basket containing growing tulips and heather.
A hanging vase of green-glazed pottery overlaid with wicker work and holding long-stemmed lilies or narcissus.
A china box painted with roses, doves and cupids, and filled with sweetmeats.
A miniature grand piano made of cardboard and covered with white satin, decorated delicately with gold, and filled with bonbons.
A Panama hat trimmed with a veil of white mull and white wings, with a bouquet of moss roses and white violets at the side, the whole inclosed in a milliner's box, ornamented with flowers and tied with gay ribbons.
A silver heart filled with silver covered bonbons.
Satin hearts, containing rings, necklets, charms, or other precious trifles.
A photograph frame made of a dozen entwined hearts—an appropriate gift for a coquette.
A golden basket filled with growing primroses.
A crystal heart filled with growing ferns and violets.
A belt of gold or silver elastic, with a heart-shaped buckle.
His or her portrait in a heart-shaped frame.

DRESSING MADE SIMPLE.

The Business Woman Is Getting It Down to a Fine Point.

"The secret of happiness is few clothes," said the systematic girl in the Philadelphia Bulletin. "But they have to be right clothes. Plenty of women with trunks and wardrobes full never look one whit better than a certain type of woman who possesses three gowns at most.

"I know no better sartorial arrangement, for the business woman especially, than—to slightly paraphrase the poet—two waists with but a single skirt. Of course, there should be a light evening frock, also, for full-dress occasions. But for day wear, and all those little festivities to which she must go directly from the office, the tailored coat and skirt answers every purpose, provided it has two waists.

"One of these waists is preferably of dark silk, the color of the suit, made in shirtwaist style, and relieved by white collar and cuffs of tucked cambric, lace or linen.

"The other waist is the same color, but much daintier. It can be made of chiffon, jet or lace, either over a white silk or satin foundation, or dressified by a tucker, guimpe or jabot of rich lace. Such a blouse, with dainty gloves, is perfectly appropriate for theatre, lecture or concert, and much better, both from an artistic point of view and serviceableness, than the fancy white blouse which is the usual alternative from the business girl's working shirtwaist.

"No innovation in the shops has rejoiced me more than the introduction of such pretty ready-made waists of dark net and chiffon, in blue, brown, black, gray, green, or garnet. No matter what color your suit, you can match it. I call them a godsend to busy women.

"Until you try the plan of two waists and one suit, you won't know how much it simplifies life."

Theater Exits Are Good.

The electrical engineer of the District made a report to the Commissioners yesterday on the state of the 5-cent theaters and playhouses as regards electric wiring and fire precautions. His findings are favorable. Only one place was found to be insufficiently furnished with up-to-date appliances, and the proprietor of this theater has promised to rewire the building immediately.

AMUSEMENTS.